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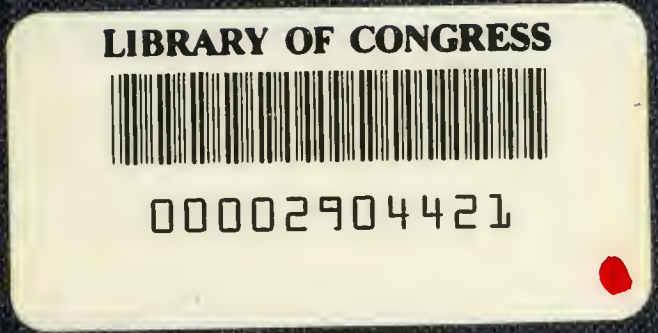

THE

UPSHOT FAMILY,

A

SERIO-COMIC POEM,

BY

HENRY CLAY WORK.

33

"Every household *hath its angel!"*

PHILADELPHIA:
HENRY C. WORK, 615 WALNUT ST.
1868.

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HENRY C. WORK'S
SONGS AND CHORUSES.

PUBLISHED (WITH THE EXCEPTION OF THE FIRST TWO) BY MESSRS. ROOT & CADY, OF CHICAGO, WHOSE CARD IS ON THE LAST PAGE OF THE PAPER-COVERED EDITION OF THIS BOOK.

1. *We are Coming, Sister Mary.*
2. *Lilly - Willy - Woken.*
3. *Lost on the Lady Elgin.*
4. *Brave Boys are They.*
5. *Little Hallie.*
6. *Nellie Lost and Found.*
7. *Our Captain's Last Words.*
8. *Beautiful Rose.*
9. *The Girls at Home.*
10. *Kingdom Coming.*
11. *Uncle Joe's Hail Columbia.*
12. *The First Love Dream.*
13. *Grafted into the Army.*
14. *We 'll Go Down Ourselves.*
15. *God save the Nation.*
16. *Days when We were Young.*
17. *Little Major.*
18. *Watching for Pa.*
19. *Grandmother Told me So.*
20. *Song of a Thousand Years.*
21. *Babylon is Fallen.*
22. *Sleeping for the Flag.*
23. *Corporal Schnapps.*
24. *Columbia's Guardian Angels.*
25. *Washington and Lincoln.*
26. *Come Home, Father.*
27. *The Picture on the Wall.*
28. *Wake Nicodemus.*
29. *Marching Through Georgia.*
30. *Ring the Bell, Watchman.*
31. *'Tis Finish'd.*
32. *The Ship that Never Return'd.*
33. *Now, Moses.*
34. *Poor Kitty Popcorn.*
35. *Lillie of the Snowstorm.*
37. *Who shall rule this Am Nation.*
38. *When the Ev'g Star went down.*
39. *Dad's a Millionaire.*
40. *Come Back to the Farm.*
41. *Song of the Red Man.*
42. *Last Grand Camping Ground.*
43. *Agnes by the River.*

The Music only of Nos. 5, 15, 18, 27 and 43, is WORK'S — of the remainder, both Words and Music. No. 36, though on an *unimpeachable* subject, has been stricken from the list.

THIS BOOK IS ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND SIXTY-EIGHT, BY HENRY C. WORK, IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES, FOR THE EASTERN DISTRICT OF PENNSYLVANIA.

PREFACE.

Although both Author and Compositor feel that they have given the Reader his money's worth, the Publisher insists on throwing in a Preface, to boot.

SO deeply as an author, none can feel the faults and failings which themselves reveal, in his most finish'd work. The critic's glance, though ready to [illegible] — sometimes, perchance, to magnify a fault — [illegible]hrase to no such searching trial as *his* gaze [illegible]rain the thought was first conceiv'd. [illegible] like a father's griev'd, when, love-compell'd [illegible]s fall upon the child, perhaps, lov'd most [illegible] a more than father's ta[illegible]ruel [illegible]k a father to annihilate [illegible]r pil'd, were tame, comp[illegible]uch the soul — the inne[illegible]ld who spares the rod, t[illegible] of God, blot out th' offendin[illegible]tify and to preserve the whole. Such were your [illegible]nt's musings when, his task completed, he laid down his [illegible] rather, hung up his "composing stick;" having to music (o[illegible] typelet's click,) set ev'ry line. Probation thus prolong'd its golden hours — nor was the privilege wrong'd. Words useless were omitted, phrases chang'd; ideas simplified, arrang'd and re-arrang'd. Even beyond their shroud-like proof-sheet state, *bad characters* redeem'd their pending fate. And yet, his finish'd work reveals its "joints" — though punctuated strongly, shows *weak points*. The only consolation he can nurse, assumes this form: the book had been *much worse*, had he omitted even one revise. Needful the author deem'd it not, nor wise, (as lumber 's costly,) *signboards* to erect, indicative of where one might expect to find a moral. Notwithstanding, he has faith that, in some limited degree, his efforts may subserve the cause of Right: and hoping thus, he bids you all, GOOD NIGHT!

H. C. W.

EXPLANATORY NOTES,

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR

THIS TRANSLATION FROM THE ORIGINAL WORK,

BY THE RT. REV. HON. DR. NOZENUFF, D.D., LL.D., A.M., X. Y. Z.

Page 5.—*Pumpkins climb trees.* There is an idea conveyed in the original, to which this translation hardly does justice. The phrase λαργε πνμπκινσ τνμβλε, etc., undoubtedly refers to a metamorphosis similar to the fabled conversion of wheat into chess; as the fruit in question, when no longer able to *stem* the tide of opposing forces, especially the force of gravity, comes down —— *squash.*

Page 20.—*Twenty skirts.* These girlish follies seem tame, and almost sensible, compared with the *Grecian bend*, and other freaks of to-day.

Page 23.—*Perpetual motion.* 'Tis strange that men reason so wildly on this subject. The nearest approach to perpetual motion which ever has been or ever will be made — excepting a woman's tongue — is the simplest device imaginable, a pendulum; and with every added contrivance, we recede from the desired result, by increasing friction.

Page 40.—*Ere Columbus was born.* It is now an established fact, that America was known and occupied by mighty nations — more or less civilized — immigrating from nearly every other part of the world, centuries before the famous discovery of Columbus. These facts are recorded in the alluvial soil — the uppermost leaf of that only reliable book of history, on the inner pages of which God wrote the lately-read fact that the six days of creation were six immense ages.

Page 46.—*A tight pair.* Probably the reason for using this expression is, that if women *will* wear the garment in question, the Turkish style (very full and gathered at the ankles,) is the only admissable form.

Page 58.—*Go to waist.* To carry out the idea, ('tis so small that no litter will be required,) we venture to add the following lines:

> *But the fabric there lacking, trail'd close in the rear;*
> *Most likely, some masculine boot, coming near,*
> *Had stepp'd on her dress, without meaning to do it,*
> *While she, in her haste, had push'd partially through it!*

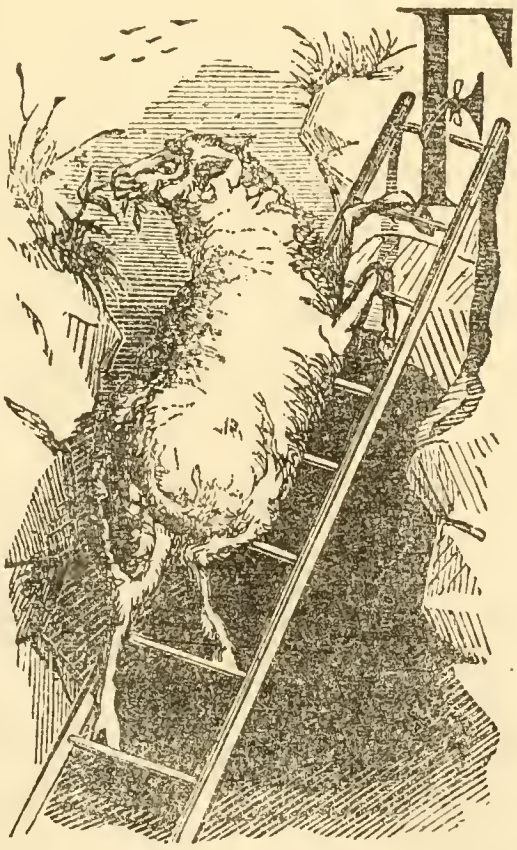
Page 64.—*A fellow who drank.* The translator has omitted a line referring to the peculiar diet of Jemima's husband. It states that he ατε πορκ — ιν α ρεβελ πρισον, αλλ θη κατ, δογ ανδ μνλε-μηατ βηινγ γονε.

THE

UPSHOT FAMILY.

CHAPTER I.

THE ELEVEN-CHILDREN'D FARMER—HIS LITTLE OLIVE-PLANTS—THE QUEER PROCESSION—THE OLD HOUSE—THE THREE-CORNERED FARM—ITS SHARP POINT—TRAVELING POTATOES—THE DARK OF THE MOON—TIRED OF FARMING, ETC.



FAR up in Vermont,
Where the hills are so steep
That the farmers use ladders
To pasture their sheep;
Where the fields are so small,
And the valleys so narrow,
That some drive but once
Up and down with the harrow;
Where rocks are as countless
As sands on the beach,
And the pumpkins climb trees
To get out of their reach;—
In *this* famous region, years since, perhaps twenty,
There lived an old farmer, with riches in plenty.

Now some will suppose, from this form of expression,
That myriads of dollars were in his possession.
Although I made no numismatic allusions,
That's just the way some people jump at conclusions.
But riches are reckon'd not always in gold,
Or bank notes, or titles "to have and to hold,"
Or shares—no, not plough-shares, but such as take wings:
Our Green Mountain farmer had none of these things.
No crisis financial could cause him a shock,
For his means were invested in "nursery stock."
Eleven small "olive plants," blooming with health,
Surrounded his board, and embodied his wealth.

There was SAMSON, the baby, whose skim-milk blue eyes
Had just open'd on the great world in surprise;
And ESTHER, who still on the pine floor was creeping,
Or, curl'd in a corner, contentedly sleeping;
Then NEBUCHADNEZZAR, just able to walk;
And PAUL, a year older, commencing to talk;
And RACHEL, who knew all her letters but one—
Who was full of her fun,
And could frolic and run,
Were there errands undone,
From the blush of the east, to the set of the sun.

Then tow-headed TIMOTHY, able to read,
But choosing the chickens and turkeys to feed;
And MOSES, who drove the cows pastureward gladly,
But stumbled and tripp'd in Arithmetic sadly;
Who hated, of all things, a sum in Subtraction,
And fairly turn'd pale at the sight of a fraction.
Then SOLOMON, who could spell *phthisic*, and play
Three tunes on the fiddle, and plow, and make hay.
JEMIMA, whose knowledge of grammar perplex'd
The teacher himself — I believe she comes next:
At the head of her classes,
Now look, as she passes!
Say, is she not sweet? — sweet as maple molasses?
Yes, *candiedly*, she was their family treasure,
Whose dear, sunny features they lov'd beyond measure;
Whose voice, ever cheery —
Whose hands, never weary,
Made ev'rything pleasant which would have been dreary;
And who, when at night from the school-house returning,
Was ready to help with the baking and churning;
The washing and wringing, and rinsing and rubbing;
The brushing and sweeping, and scouring and scrubbing;
The starching and ir'ning, the sewing and knitting;
The ripping and turning, and cutting and fitting;

The mending and darning, and patching and piecing;
With duties unending, and labors unceasing,
Too small to repeat, and too many to mention,
Which always are claiming a woman's attention.
Then, last on the invoice—though properly first,
As being the oldest, and smartest, and worst,
Were CUTE and DELILAH, whom I shall describe,
More fully, perhaps, than the rest of their tribe,
In some future chapter. However, just here,
I will notice one fact, which may strike you as queer:
Their names being all from the Bible selected,
Save one of them, *his* comes in quite unexpected.
But this will explain it. His grandmother's sister
Elop'd with the thirty-third cousin of Mr.
FITZ-ALLAN DE CUTHBERT, an old English knight,
Who hung himself — so they say — just out of spite,
Because his wife *would* have a dinner of ham,
Although she knew *he* preferr'd chicken or lamb.

Most happy to claim
Such an heirship of fame,

The firstborn Upshotter receiv'd, when he came,
The cognomen CUTHBERT, to serve as his name;
Which, curtail'd and soften'd, their fancies to suit,
Assum'd the appropriate version of CUTE.

The father of this most remarkably checker'd
Collection of characters, was, on the record,
MELCHIZEDEK UPSHOT, though neighbors, too busy
To speak the whole name, always dropp'd the *Mel-chiz-e*,
And call'd him DICK UPSHOT. By some he was pitied.
His wealth — and the fact might as well be admitted —
Was not of the sort which brings quickest returns,
Or the heaviest quarterly dividend earns.
Indeed, he was poor, or what some would call poor:
You may not have tried it, yet you may be sure,
That, with *thirteen* to feed,
'Tis a hard task indeed,
To keep out of the jaws of the Hobgoblin Need.
Though the family never went hungry to bed,
Quite certain it is, they were not overfed —
Not even on slapjacks, and *very rye* bread.
But, having contentment, they sweetly repasted —
At least, they did while maple-syrup time lasted.
The coarsest of fabrics, ingeniously patch'd,
Supplied them with clothing which never was match'd,
Unless by the famous coat Joseph once wore —
So many queer patterns and colors it bore.
And even the girls, though with feminine passions,
Had little to do with the "late Boston fashions."

That comical picture! I see it as plain
As though Father Time had gone back with his train:
The whole of the troop, on a fine Sunday morning,
When Nature was cloth'd in her gayest adorning,
Proceeding to church, in precise Indian file,
Like convicts or slaves, without chitchat or smile.
To head the procession, an animal white,
Whose rafters and frame-timbers all were in sight,
The parents and two
Of the youngest ones drew,
In a vehicle, which was undoubtedly new
When Grandfather bought it. And next was the dog,
Who trotted behind with a serious jog;
Then nine children, barefooted, though they had shoes,
Beneath their arms carried — too precious to use,
Until within sight of the chapel they hover'd,
When ev'ry bare foot in a twinkling was cover'd.

This family liv'd on a desolate spot,
Two miles and a half from their neighbors, in what
The newspaper poet would christen a "cot,"
But which, in my humble opinion, was not
Exactly the article. Vines, to be sure,
Of various sorts, made their annual tour

From casement to gable, from gable to dormer,
Wherever the sunshine was brighter or warmer —
Peeping into the windows, or gracefully gliding
Along the old cornice, and tastefully hiding
The furrows and stains of the weather-worn siding;
For, here and there, over the walls and the roof,
Were well-defin'd prints of the storm demon's hoof.
Aside from these things, there was nothing romantic
About the old homestead, to drive a pen frantic.

A hundred years old, or a hundred and twenty,
'Twas built at an era when timber was plenty;
When forests which ages had nurs'd from their birth,
Were all, in a summer, laid low with the earth;
When the pioneer's problem was, how to dispose
Of the giants surrendering under his blows;
And, seemingly, it was an architect's aim
To *use what he could* in constructing his frame.
What sleepers and sills! how enormously heavy!
What rafters, and girders, and beams! What a bevy
Of neighbors there must to the "raising" have come!
And then, what a levy on New England rum!
'Tis hop'd, most sincerely, that not of this size
Were the *beams* which the Pharisees had in their eyes.

'Tis a fact for we should be thankful still more,
That such *heavy sleepers* are not apt to snore.
The builders had long since forsaken their posts —
Unless they remain'd in the guises of ghosts —
But the *posts* were yet there, of all timbers most massive;
Each one in his corner-cell, patient and passive.
The windows had many a queer little pane,
Where the sunbeams diurnally manag'd to gain
Admittance, but through such a net-work of sash,
That they bore, on the floor, the appearance of "hash."

A Babel-like structure, of firm brick and mortar,
Monopoliz'd wholly the great central quarter,
With ovens and fire-places, ash-pits and flues,
And trammels and pot-hooks,
And other things, *not* hooks,
Which old-fashion'd folks were accustom'd to use.
The house, it is said,
Had been once painted red,
But the man of the brush being forty years dead,
And, previously, six months confin'd to his bed —
Father Time having taken the job in his stead,
When his spirit (of course, not of turpentine) fled —
There was little now left of his oxide of lead.

Surrounding the house, was a three-corner'd farm,
Which, with many defects, had this one *weighty* charm:
Potatoes, which most farmers dig in the fall,
Requir'd on these hillsides no digging at all;
For when the round tubers attain'd their full size,—
Impell'd by their gravity — sev'ring all ties,
They roll'd to the bottom, with tears in their eyes.
Caught there in a nook,
Through which rippled a brook,
They were thoroughly wash'd, and left ready to cook.
But this great advantage was more than offset
By a *point* which they often had cause to regret.
One angle of their old triangular farm
Was *so very sharp*, that the neighbors fear'd harm
Might happen to teamsters approaching by night.
So, as the "selectmen" requir'd it, a light
Must needs be kept burning, at UPSHOT'S expense.
Of course, the consumption of oil was immense,
In the old rusty lantern, hung up on the fence
From evening till morning, when darkness was dense;
And all, lest some animal, lacking in sense,
Or having, perchance, suicidal intents,
Should pierce himself, or put his neck out of joint,
By carelessly running against the *sharp point.*

"I don't fancy farming — I can't make it pay!"
Discover'd poor Upshot, one warm summer's day,
After forty-nine years of irregular toil,
In coaxing his bread from the miserly soil.
Although he had faithfully follow'd the rules
Laid down by the old agricultural schools;
And had studied his Almanac, night after night,
To catch all the signs of the zodiac right;
And had planted his beets in the "dark of the moon,"
And had, half of the time, cut his clover too soon,
As well as his grain —
Why, the reason was plain!
Did not the old Almanac say it would rain?
Although he did all these, and many things more,
His farming, at last, was a failure and bore.
"I'll give up," said he, "when I get in this crop;
Let the boys have the farm, and I'll stick to the shop!"
His mind to *mechanics* was very much bent,
And his happiest hours were the hours which he spent —
Not in cradling his turnips, or digging his beans,
But in planning and making *ingenious machines.*

CHAPTER II.

THAT CUNNING CHILD CUTE—HIS WONDERFUL CRANIUM—THE NEW BUMP—DELILAH—HER ROMANTIC DREAMS—CROWING ROOSTERS AND CROWING HENS, ETC.

WHAT a sweet picture!
  Did *you* make it, CUTE?"
Said the schoolma'm who taught
  His ideas to shoot.
"You need not have written
  Her name there, below it—
Your mother's own image,
  Of course, I should know it!
I don't wish to flatter, but mark my words, CUTE!
You're bound to excel in some *artful* pursuit.
As CICERO has it—'In omnibus jam,
Forte ingens et dux—et possum—et clam.
In cum NEMO, cessæ, "Sum duxi firmæ?"
"Ubi sum!" sed QUO. "NEMO sic!" anser DONUM;
"Dubitabit, NEMO—cum, tri sum nec bonum."'"

CUTE UPSHOT was one of those fortunate youth —
Unfortunate, though, would be nearer the truth —
Who, having good natural qualifications,
Was flatter'd and petted by all his relations,
And all his acquaintances too, for that matter —
For none are still, when 't is the fashion to flatter.
Exam'ning his head,
The free-knowledgist said,
That, savage or civiliz'd, living or dead,
Egyptian or Irish, pale-featur'd or red,
Controlling a kingdom, or begging for bread,
In Babylon, Boston, or old Herculaneum,—
Never 'd he seen such a wonderful cranium.
It seem'd very much like a mountainous region,
Whose ranges, and summits, and valleys were legion;
But, what was so strange,
And suggestive of change
In laws fundamental — the loftiest range
Had a peak quite unknown to this learned professor,
Although he knew ev'ry point, greater or lesser,
Laid down on the maps by the latest revise.
His ignorance hiding, he look'd very wise,
While, puzzling, and teazing, and coaxing his brain,
He manag'd, in this way, the fact to explain:

"These organs are all well develop'd, you see!
Much more than usual — unless it may be
Those lying *above* and *in front*, which appear
To be slightly concave, on the surface. But here!
At the base of the skull, and surrounding the ear, —
Especially on these occipital slopes,
Is where you can now commence pinning your hopes!
The talents most commonly found here, outgrowing
Their tenements — see! they are still overflowing —
Have coloniz'd lately, and settled a town,
On Charts Phrenological not yet laid down.
No craniographical author can claim it —
So I will. But, let us see — what shall I name it?
Say CUNNINGVILLE — that, I imagine, will suit
Inhabitants clever, keen-witted and —— cute.

"It lies on the turnpike from CEREBRUM HEIGHTS,
Where, by the way, there are some fine College sites.
Descending the hill, by the Coronal Suture,
(Where earthquakes have happen'd, or may in the future,)
Before you have reach'd ALIMENTIVENESS TAVERN,
Somewhat to the West
Lies the borough in quest —
Two inches North-east of AURICULAR CAVERN.

"CONSTRUCTIVENESS bounds the new town on the East —
SECRETIVENESS does on the West — or, at least,
It lies just between them and, North, on the hill,
SUBLIMITY and IDEALITYVILLE;
Encroaching somewhat, as its founders confess,
On the ancient town Southward — ACQUISITIVENESS."

DELILAH receiv'd no such flattering unction;
The truth was told her without fear or compunction.
"The first bump is *vanity*," soberly said
The learned professor, on touching her head;
"The second is *dittotiveness* — very few
Have the organ so strongly develop'd as you.
The third is superior still in dimension!
I must say, I never have had my attention
Directed, in any professional visit,
To one quite as large. Let me see now, what is it?
Well, I should say, (did not the laws of urbanity
Seal up my lips,) I should say it was —— *vanity*."
Had she not angrily sprang from her seat,
He would have continued the word to repeat;
For nothing was there,
Underneath her red hair,
But vanity — vanity — everywhere!

To state the case squarely, DELILAH was one
Of the most useless feminines under the sun.
Despising the simple employments of home,
'Twas her occupation, in fancy, to roam
Through castles, by moonlight, and ivy-crown'd gates,
With pale-featur'd noblemen, heirs of estates
Almost without number. In these favor'd days,
She would have found far more nonsensical ways
In which to amuse herself. Possibly, she
Would have been of the number who strive to break free
From the proper restraints with which God has surrounded
The fair sex, and by which their sphere should be bounded;
Who, rashly forsaking the privileg'd place
Accorded to them by a civiliz'd race,
Aspire to the labors and duties of *men* —
(A rooster crows, say they — why shouldn't a hen?)
From which any *lady* were gladly exempted.
DELILAH'S vain head was not thus wildly tempted.
She could not believe the girls *quite* in their place,
Who practic'd *their rights* to climb trees and sing base.
Her highest ambition was, sometime to wear
A No. 3 gaiter, instead of the pair
Of "sixes" which scarcely her feet could contain,
While one sermon lasted, without causing pain;

To have her flush'd features bleach'd white as the sheeting
From which they made 'kerchiefs to carry to meeting;
To have her red locks chang'd to tresses of black,
And taught, by a crisping-pin master, the knack
Of hanging, in ringlets, upon her bare shoulders,
The pride and the envy of wishful beholders;
To have twenty skirts, and to wear them at once;
(She probably would not have been such a dunce,
But *crinoline* then was entirely unheard of;)
And yet have a slim waist, not more than one-third of
The regular size. It would be better taste,
(So Economy says,) *not to have any waist*;
But, in order to keep soul and body together,
'T would seem to be needed—though I question whether
It were not its principal office to carry
Its quota of dry-goods. Not longer to tarry,
'Twas, lastly, DELILAH'S ambition to marry ——
But stop!—an idea! Were not it a blessing
To such girls' posterity, should they, in dressing,
Bestow on their *necks* as severe a compressing?
Excuse this digressing. Not longer to tarry,
'Twas, lastly, DELILAH'S ambition to marry
A King, or a Prince, or the Chief of a Clan,
Or a Duke, or a Count, or a Peer, or —— a man!

CHAPTER III.

UPSHOT'S INGENUITY—HIS EXTRAORDINARY WORKSHOP—PERPETUAL MOTION—AN AUTOMATIC RABBIT TRAP—CLOCK TO RUN THREE HUNDRED YEARS, ETC.

WHAT great ingenuity
Upshot possesses!
What wonderful talent!
How strange that success is
So seldom awarded
To him for his labors!"
Said all his acquaintances,
Patrons and neighbors.
The problem which thus in their minds they revolv'd,
Can be, in three lines, comprehensibly solv'd;
And, reader! those three lines a warning contain,
For lack of which, multitudes live quite in vain!
This wonderful man,
With such genius to *plan*,
Very seldom *completed* the thing he began;

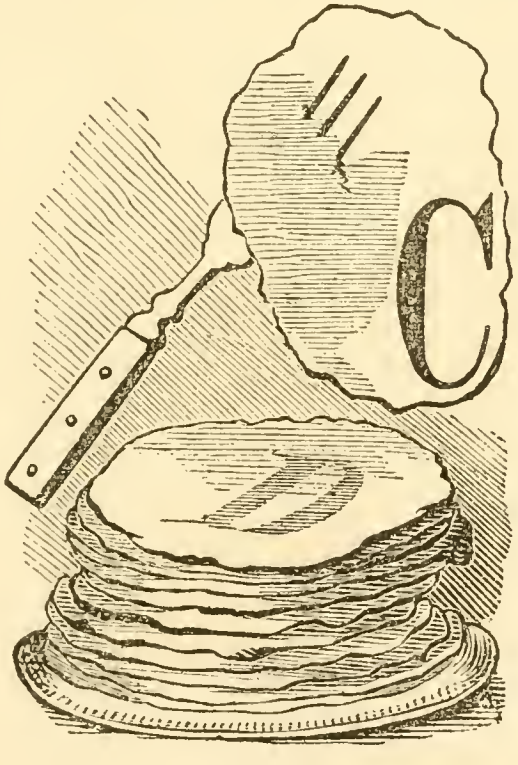
And GENIUS, without PERSEVERANCE to aid her,
In Life's rugged path makes a sorry crusader!
But come! let us stop,
And go into his shop:
'Tis crowded with wonders, from bottom to top —
With models and drawings, and patterns and plans;
With anvils and forges, and bellows and fans;
With wrenches and punches, and chisels and shears;
With pinions and pulleys, and cogwheels and gears;
With axles and swivels, and flanges and bevels,
And tri-squares and gauges, and plumb-lines and levels;
With pinchers and pliers, and rip-saws and rasps,
And wedges and wires, and staples and hasps;
With hammers and hatchets, and pivots and springs,
And rollers and ratchets, and rivets and rings;
With scratch-awls and pencils, and wheel-belts and strings,
And brushes and stencils, and *all sorts* of things,
For making machinery.
What wonderful dreams!
What novel, unique, and extravagant schemes!
What new-fangled, odd and unheard-of inventions!
What laughable, queer and outlandish intentions!
Why, here are machines for both flying and walking —
For writing and cyphering, teaching and talking!

Machines for producing "perpetual motion,"
That soft-head-bewitching alchemical notion;
Machines for performing all sorts of odd chores —
For use in the house, and for use out of doors —
For weeding the onions, and shearing the sheep;
For tending a baby commencing to creep;
For scouring the kettles, and scaling the fishes;
For cooking the victuals, and washing the dishes.
Now, here is a trap for ensnaring a rabbit:
It operates, mainly, by mere force of habit;
And almost outshines that alchemical notion,
So lately referr'd to — "perpetual motion."
As soon as the rabbit is fairly ensnar'd,
Pop! opens a gate,
And discovers a bait,
For some other victim already prepar'd;
While, by means of sharp knives which are lying in wait,
The first is dress'd neatly, and laid on a plate —
The pelt being, meanwhile, most skillfully tann'd,
And made into gloves which will just fit the hand
Of the person who baited and wound up the trap —
Or, changing the gearing, made into a cap.
Poor rabbits! their numbers would soon have diminish'd,
If this queer contrivance had ever been finish'd.

Now, here is a clock which was plann'd, it appears,
To run, without winding, for three hundred years.
At five in the morning, no matter how dark
Or stormy it may be, a keen little spark,
From the flint and the steel of an old musket lock,
Is caught in a tinder-box, under the clock.
The ready combustible soon is ignited,
And straightway, from that source, a candle is lighted,
And carried by levers, which cam-wheels are raising,
Around to the hearth, where it sets the wood blazing.
By means of a shaft which is constantly turning,
More wood is pil'd on, and the fire is kept burning.
The tea-kettle, too, on the trammel is hung;
And, all being ready, a great bell is rung,
To wake up the sleepers. This novel invention,
Which must have consum'd so much time and attention,
Was, quite unlike most of the schemes just repeated,
Not only design'd, but entirely completed,
With ev'ry part properly fashion'd and fitted,
Excepting its motive power — that was omitted,
Until he could work out his other odd notion,
And have the clock run by "perpetual motion."

CHAPTER IV.

HOT SLAPJACKS AND SYRUP—THE NEW-FASHIONED GRIDDLE—THE INITIAL'D CAKES—THE ROTARY GRIDDLE-CAKE BAKER—NO ONE TO TURN—STEAM TO PROPEL IT—JEMIMA'S CALL, ETC.



COME, Mother! come, Mother!
Bring on your hot cakes!"
'Tis the cry when for breakfast
The family wakes.
Hot slapjacks and syrup,
Their favorite dish,
Being all that they ask for,
Or talk of, or wish.

But there was one drawback: with thirteen to eat—
Or twelve, at one time—'twas a difficult feat,
On the part of the person commission'd to "fry,"
To keep up a constant and ample supply,
With none of them burn'd, and yet all of them brown'd,
And the hottest ones fairly distributed 'round.

Now, this distribution was hardest of all;
The children would quarrel, and squabble, and squall;
To prevent which, the father a griddle devis'd,
With thirteen compartments — all different siz'd —
In each of which deeply he grav'd an initial,
To make the allotment, in some sense, official.
Such being the plan, of course CUTE was unable,
When cakes from *this* griddle were plac'd on the table,
To seize, as he used to, some younger child's share,
Unless he could point out a title "C" there.
This lessen'd the strife, but the labor of baking
Made "slapjacks for breakfast" a great undertaking:
So UPSHOT, one season, his hayfield forsook,
To make a machine for relieving the cook.
The puzzle at last he succeeded in solving,
By means of a griddle, with cog-wheels revolving.
The batter prepar'd is pour'd into a hopper —
Or something shap'd like one, constructed of copper —
And slowly discharg'd, through a tube in the middle,
Upon the hot surface of this moving griddle.
It forms a continuous ribbon of cake,
Which travels along, without blemish or break,
'Till the side which is down
Becomes thoroughly brown;

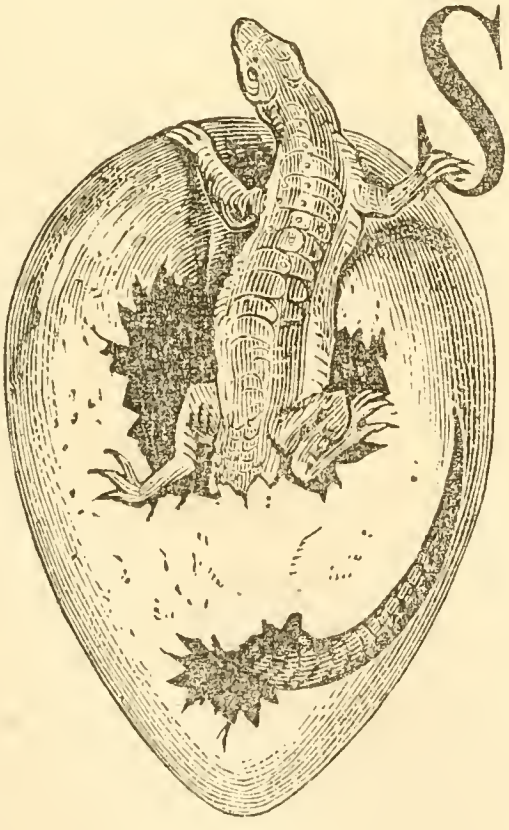
Then the ribbon rolls over, in order to bake
The other side likewise. You wish to know *how?*
It is through a device in the shape of a plough.
As this side is also brown'd thoroughly now,
The eatable ribbon glides out at a gate,
And falls on a plate,
In suspense to await
The pangs of its dread gastronomical fate.
DIRECTIONS FOR USE.—Should you see the cake burning,
Be sure that the wheels are kept rapidly turning;
But should it look sallow, and need cooking more,
Let the fire be made hotter, or turn the wheels slower.

I am sorry to say that this useful machine,
In which such ingenious devices convene,
Was put *only once* into actual use!
And just this was the reason: you could not induce
Any one of the family, little or great,
By a simple command, or a bribe, or a bait,
Or a threat, or a thank,
Or a scold, or a spank,—
To stand at the fire, and keep turning the crank.
The cakes irresistibly drew them away —
So charming, delicious and fragrant were they.

But where was JEMIMA, who never said Nay?
JEMIMA, who answer'd to ev'ry one's call?
JEMIMA, on whom were expected to fall
Disagreeable duties? Ah, *she* was not there!
Else the idle machine had made slapjacks to spare.
At the earnest request of the minister's cousin,
Whose children were all, except — well, say a dozen,
Down sick with the measles and mumps—she had started,
(Though never before from her family parted,)
To walk to them, thirteen miles over the hills,
To do what she could toward relieving their ills,
By giving the sick ones their portion of pills;
By nursing them daytimes, and watching them nights,
And seeing, at odd spells, the house put to rights;
With the cooking done promptly, the dishes kept clean,
And the washing and ironing *work'd in between.*
At the time of his death, Mr. UPSHOT — poor man!
Had nearly completed an intricate plan
For using the steam from the tea-kettle nose —
By means of a piston and tube, I suppose —
To run his said Rotary Griddle-cake Baker.
But, like many other designs of its maker,
'Twas found by his administrators unfinish'd,—
And the cook's morning labors so far undiminish'd.

CHAPTER V.

CUTE'S MISCHIEVOUS TRICKS—HATCHING A CROCODILE—CAPSIZING THE PARSON—DYEING A ROOSTER—A SPIRITED RAT—BURNING THE OLD FARMHOUSE—LITTLE RACHEL LOST—JEMIMA'S RETURN—HER SORROW—CUTE VOLUNTEERS, ETC.



"SAY, Mother! Oh, Mother!"
Cried RACHEL, one day,
As with eyes, big as saucers,
She rush'd from her play.
"That hen which, you know,
Made her nest in the sieve,
Has hatch'd a young crocodile,
Sure as you live!"
Of course, on receiving
Such wonderful news,
No daughter of EVE
Could stand still in her shoes.

Nor did Mrs. U. the temptation resist,
As the baby was quietly sucking his fist.

She threw up her knitting — was tripp'd by the yarn —
Fell down, and jump'd up, and ran out to the barn;
And the crowd follow'd suit —
At least, all except CUTE,
Who was gone, as he phras'd it, "some ducks for to shoot."
Thro' the wide-open door, with her children beside her —
Their eyes and their mouths being open still wider —
She enter'd, and — sure enough! frightful!! appalling!!!
A reptile of some kind was actually crawling
From one of the eggs which remain'd in the nest!
The old hen was frighten'd as much as the rest.
On seeing the saurian imp she had hatch'd,
Her duties domestic were quickly despatch'd;
And, leaving her family quite undefended,
She flew to a beam 'twixt the rafters extended.
Mr. UPSHOT examin'd things leisurely, while
He wore on his face an incredulous smile;
Then, stroking his beard as he look'd at the chicks,
He said that he *reckon'd* 'twas one of CUTE'S tricks.
Indeed, he was right — for the young mischief-maker,
With features as solemn as those of a Quaker,
Had plann'd the affair. Having found, as he travel'd,
A hibernate lizard, this notion unravel'd
Itself from the intricate web of his mind.

You know how these mental ideas unwind!
The difficult part of the job is, to find
The end of the thread. When his plans were matur'd,
CUTE went to the hen-house, and slily procur'd
A very large egg — 'twas, I think, No. 10.
Removing its contents completely, he then
Encoffin'd the lizard, and clos'd up the shell
With whitelead and putty — and did it so well,
That, when it was laid in the sitting-hen's nest,
It seem'd quite as perfect and sound as the rest.
CUTE UPSHOT appear'd from his sire to inherit,
At least ev'ry failing, if not ev'ry merit;
Excepting, perhaps, that excessive devotion
To flying machines and "perpetual motion."
For CUTE'S ingenuity ran to extremes,
In tricks and in stratagems, ruses and schemes —
In startling maneuvers and practical jokes.
Completed or plann'd,
He had always on hand,
Some droll, unexpected, preposterous hoax,
Invented with infinite patience and labor,
And all for another —
A sister or brother,
Or schoolmate, or teacher, or stranger or neighbor.

Not even the minister, noble old man,
Escap'd without testing one mischievous plan.
He had dropp'd in, to make them a pastoral call,
And had left his white horse, without hitching at all,
Just outside the gate. 'Twas a faithful old jade,
Who never would run, unless it was made.
But CUTE, by a comical notion bewitch'd,
Decided at once that the horse must be hitch'd.
So, taking the long, flowing tail in his hands,
He braided it carefully, passing the strands
Around the slim pales of the wide-open gate;
And hid himself then, the result to await.
The good man came out, with a smile on his face,
And sprang to his saddle with vigor and grace.
"Come, BILLY!" said he; "I'm afraid we are late."
They started — but ah! 'twas a very slow *gait*,
Till BILLY, by making a desperate start,
Succeeded in wrenching the hinges apart,—
And *then* 'twas a double-quick! Heels over head
Went the happy old man, and was pick'd up for dead;
But when they had wash'd him, and brush'd off the dirt,
It turn'd out that naught but *his feelings were hurt!*
Next Sabbath, he preach'd on the Adamic fall,
And nevermore made them a pastoral call.

One morning, CUTE ran to the house of the doctor,
And, rushing in wildly, without having knock'd or
Said "How do you do," he at once commenc'd crying
For *copperas* — said his dear mother was *dyeing*.
On leaving the house, he espied in "the mowing,"
A handsome white rooster, triumphantly crowing.
He knew that the doctor had, quite lately, bought it —
Yet, watching his chance, he clandestinely caught it.
He carried it home, though he hardly knew why;
But, thinking he might an experiment try,
He, out of pure fun, dipp'd it into the "dye."
It emerg'd from immersion so lustrously black,
CUTE'S conscience constrain'd him to carry it back.
(Didn't Ethiope fugitives claim extradition?)
And CHANTICLEER charm'd so the mourning physician,
He purchas'd him, at an extortionate cost,
To serve in the place of the one he had lost.

CUTE'S tricks had not always, howe'er well intention'd,
Such harmless results as in these cases mention'd;
And I must relate now, what you would skip gladly,
An instance in which they resulted most sadly.
One night, as he lay in his garret, awake,
Revolving the question, what subject to take

For a practical joke which should put in the shade
All efforts, of that order, previously made —
He heard the keen snap
Of a watchful steel-trap,
And knew that a rat had been basely betray'd.
An idea flash'd through his brain, like a comet!
His bed was uninjured, and yet he sprang from it!
Releasing the rodent, as if with compassion,
He gravely addressed him, somewhat in this fashion:
"I've caught you, old fellow! and now, if you please,
Just make your confession — get down on your knees!
Or else, I will try my improv'd mode of tanning —
A little experiment I have been planning."
The rat being silent, (this turn of affairs
Having slightly confus'd him,) CUTE took him down stairs,
And dipp'd him three times in the turpentine pail;
Then, touching a match to the tip of his tail,
He whisper'd some terrible warning or other,
And gave him permission to go to his mother.

* * * * * * * * *

'Tis midnight — and soundly the sleepers are sleeping —
Too soundly, alas! for, clandestinely creeping
From chamber to chamber, through half-open'd doors —
Along the low ceilings, across the rough floors —

There comes an intruder, the folds of whose cloak,
All trailing, are dense, dingy columns of smoke!
'Tis a Ghost of Destruction — an Angel of Death!
The sleepers' cheeks feel, even now, his hot breath;
And now, the dead silence at last being stirr'd,
The sharp, crackling sound of his footstep is heard.
A sleeper awakens! — *the house is on fire!*
He sees the red flame, creeping nigher and nigher,
And gives the alarm. What a scene of confusion!
To some it appears like a dream or illusion,
And wildly they wander, without knowing where,
Although there is now not an instant to spare!
The cool-headed father does all that he can —
But time has its limits, and when the poor man
Has muster'd his flock on the snow-cover'd lawn,
There is one missing lamb — little RACHEL is gone!
Where is she? O, where is our sweet little pet?
Did we leave her behind? Is she in the house yet?
A breeze lifts the curtain of smoke as they gaze,
And the scene is lit up by a fresh burst of blaze,
Revealing a window. Yes! yes! she is there!
She holds out her little white arms in despair!
"We will save her!" cries one: "so we will!" shouts another.
They rush to her aid — 'tis her father and brother.

Unheeding the danger, they enter the door —
But, alas! they will see their pet RACHEL no more!
Poor child! she will answer no more to their calls!
For the stairway is gone, and — *there! there!* the roof falls!

The brave men escape, but it is at a cost
They unwillingly pay — little RACHEL is lost!
How great is their grief! how unspeakably great
Is the grief of the circle which stands at the gate!
Possess'd of such differing characters, yet
They were all quite alike in their love for "the pet."
They gaze on each other, but cannot find speech!
The tears roll down even the men's cheeks, and each
Has *this* thought, as now they move slowly away:
"O! what will JEMIMA say? what will she say?"

* * * * * * * * *

She sings a low song, as she trips up the lane;
Her gladness is more than her heart can contain;
For is she not near to the home of her birth? —
The spot which is dearest and sweetest on earth?
And will she not soon have the great joy of meeting
That circle which widens and smiles at her greeting?
A single step more, and her fond eyes will rest
On the elms, which droop over the family nest.

But ah! the glad song, which so thankfully gush'd
From a heart overflowing, is suddenly hush'd!
Some terror has settled at once on her brow —
Her form, by some horror, is paralyz'd now!
What sight can there be, so portentous with dread,
That Hope has deserted, and Courage has fled?
And blanch'd are her features as those of the dead?
The elms are in sight!
And the —— ah! am I right?
Does vision deceive one, in open daylight?
Oh! scene of despair!
The elms are still there,
But their wide-spreading arms are all blacken'd and bare!
There are cinders and brands on the snow-cover'd lawn,
And the house — GOD help her — the old house is gone!

She fainted — poor girl — and she sank to the ground;
But assistance was nigh — she was speedily found;
And kind strangers carried her, limp in their arms,
To a dwelling on one of the neighboring farms.
It was, as it chanc'd, to this very same spot,
That UPSHOT, on that awful morning, had brought
His sad, broken circle. And there, then, they met —
Once more all together, *excepting their pet!*

JEMIMA reviv'd at the sound of each voice;
And smil'd, but smil'd sadly — how could she rejoice?
(Though each brother and sister
Most tenderly kiss'd her,
And told how they lov'd her, and how they had miss'd her,)
When one voice was silent, except in Heaven's choir,
And the homestead, so long lov'd, was burn'd up with fire!
Her eyes fill'd with tears, but her faith was not dim.
She lifted her sorrowful heart unto Him
Who rules the fierce storm, and who orders the way
In which his dear pilgrims must journey each day.
And others, who long had forgotten His love —
By her sweet example led — now look'd above.

But union was short, for the circle once broken.
Farewells and good-byes were at once to be spoken!
For some were call'd that way, and some were call'd this —
The war-bugle blew, and CUTE was not remiss;
While his father set out, in his old age, to roam
He hardly knew whither, in search of a home.

CHAPTER VI.

FARMER UPSHOT AND HIS NEIGHBOR M. T. NUTSHELL, ESQ., VISIT THE FAMOUS NEW-JERSEY SETTLEMENT—ASTONISHING STYLE OF DRESS ALLOWED THERE—WONDERFUL GROWTH OF VEGETATION—AN IMMENSE PIECE OF GOSSIP, ETC.

UNPARALLEL'D Vineland!
Familiar in name!
For years have I known thee,
By newspaper fame;
But, gazing to-day
Through my spectacles green,
Which never deceiv'd me,
Thy face have I seen."
So said Lawyer NUTSHELL,
On reaching the station,
Where so many hopes
Sought their realization;
And thus in his comical fashion he mused,
While UPSHOT the last Daily "Rural" perused.

"Magnificent VINELAND! thine exquisite charms
Can but be bewitching to 'All wanting farms!'
I *long* for an acre of Mother Earth's breast,
On which I may stretch me — *the soul pants* for rest!"
"Better save his old pants," mumbled UPSHOT, "for *her!*"
His reveries chancing, just then, to recur
To the nondescript form 'twas their fortune to meet
At the depot. [Turn back to her *carte de visite.*]
But NUTSHELL continued, with undisturb'd grace:
"Thy founder discern'd a faint smile on thy face,
When the wood-chopper first to the grubber gave place;
A broad grin was seen,
On thy features serene,
When the stumper commenc'd with his stumping machine;
And a giggle outright, such as welcomes me now,
Was heard in the wake of the harrow and plough.
Though doubtless the fairest, thou never canst claim
The honor of being the *first* of thy name.
For, hundreds of years ere COLUMBUS was born,
Some Icelanders sail'd, on a bright Autumn's morn,
O'er the waters unknown, to the West and the South;
And, rounding CAPE COD, they discover'd the mouth
Of a lake-nourish'd river, with well-wooded shore,
Where numberless grape-vines their luscious fruit bore.

They call'd the land VINELAND, and, charm'd with the plan,
In the year of our Saviour one thousand, began
A pioneer settlement, which, it appears,
Had its *ups* and its *downs*, for a series of years;
And then, for some reason to us unreveal'd,—
Each settler deserting his homestead and field,—
The place was forgotten." "Now, NUTSHELL, don't joke
On serious subjects!" 'Twas UPSHOT who spoke —
Having read through his paper, and found it precisely
The same as the one which bewitch'd him so nicely,
Before he came down
From his Green Mountain town.
Said NUTSHELL, "Dismiss from your forehead that frown!
It aids not your beauty, nor brings back your youth.
I spoke but the plain, unimpeachable truth."
"*Unimpeachable Johnson!*" said UPSHOT — a sneer
Crawling round to his nose, from the back of each ear.
Said NUTSHELL, "The Washington job was not bootless
To high-minded Senators — nor was it *fruitless!*
Though KING JOHNSON was not *impeach'd* — who cared?
After proving his character so much *impair'd?*"

"But, speaking of VINELAND," continued the lawyer,
"I knew I should like it, as soon as I saw your

First newspaper. Yes! it was sometime last Fall;
You lent me the sheet when I made you a call.
Well, now I've concluded to bring down my daughter,
And settle here. Say, did you ever taste water
So sweet as these wells yield? or ever find soil
So ready to furnish one fruits for his toil?
'Tis really astounding, to notice the height
To which vegetation attains in a night!
What apples and cabbages! carrots and cherries!
What turnips and quinces! potatoes and berries!
And *gossip* — why, *that* grows remarkably too!
A friend gave me this piece, and I'll give it you:

Mrs. A., who resides at one end of Rye Road,
One day, accidentally trod on a toad.
Let's see! was it *Rye* Road? Now, that's not so plain!
And yet I am sure it was some sort of grain.
So great was his pain, the toad jump'd up and down,
Unconsciously touching the hem of her gown.
She ran to the next house, and told Mrs. B.
That the reptile had savagely snapp'd at her knee!
Of course, the intelligence reach'd Mrs. C.,
And she very promptly inform'd Mrs. D.
As *they* understood it, some blood had been drawn!

And the husband in haste for the doctor had gone.
In five minutes more,
To her neighbor E.'s door,
This last mention'd lady the sad tidings bore,
That a beast had attack'd Mrs. A., in her garden —
Had clasp'd her slim waist, without asking her pardon;
And, on the green strawberry bed she was weeding,
Had left her, all fainting, and mangled, and bleeding!
From cottage to cottage, the story thus flew;
And, like their fam'd squashes, it visibly grew.
It caught some new horror from ev'ry transmission —
From ev'ry tongue gather'd some shocking addition;
Until it had reach'd, when at midnight it tarried,
A climax beyond which no tale could be carried!
As Mrs. M. render'd it — "Early that morning,
A blood-thirsty panther came in without warning;
And, biting off one of the baby's big toes,
And giving the next child a scratch on his nose —
He took a large piece from the cheek of another,
And finish'd his meal by devouring the mother!
A small pile of paper-rags, whalebones and springs,
With hairpins, and buttons, and ribbons and strings,
Was all that was left of the farmer's poor wife,
When the neighbors arriv'd at the scene of the strife.

"The beast had turn'd over the stove in his wrath,
Releasing the flames, which had eaten a path
Through flooring and siding, and ceiling, and lath —
Unheeding the feeble resistance of mortar —
Unaw'd by the slight application of water.

"And now the snug cottage is burn'd to the ground,
While the panther is roaming the country around!
Destroying and strangling,
And maiming and mangling;
Exploring and roaring, and wrestling and wrangling;
Ill-using and bruising, and culling, and choosing;
Dissecting and tasting;
Rejecting and wasting;
Advancing and vaulting, and halting and hasting;
And stooping and springing, and crawling and creeping;
And felling and flinging, and catching and keeping;
Tormenting and scenting, and mumbling and howling;
Contending and rending, and grumbling and growling;
Dividing and drawing, and killing and chewing;
And hiding and gnawing, and spilling and strewing;
Upsetting and scatt'ring,
And shaking and shatt'ring,
And tearing and tatt'ring, and breaking and batt'ring;

Abashing and dashing! and gnashing and gashing!
And lashing! and thrashing! and crashing! and smashing!
A great, savage creature, tremendously strong,
Enormously heavy, and monstrously long;
Unspeakably ugly, atrociously bad,
Outrageously brutal, and shockingly mad;
Intensely ferocious, surpassingly frightful,
Excessively cruel, and horridly spiteful;
Revengeful, malicious,
Vile, base and pernicious,
Abom'nable, fiendish, vindictive and vicious;
Satanic, infernal, grim, ghastly and gory!"—
At least, it was thus Mrs. M. told the story.

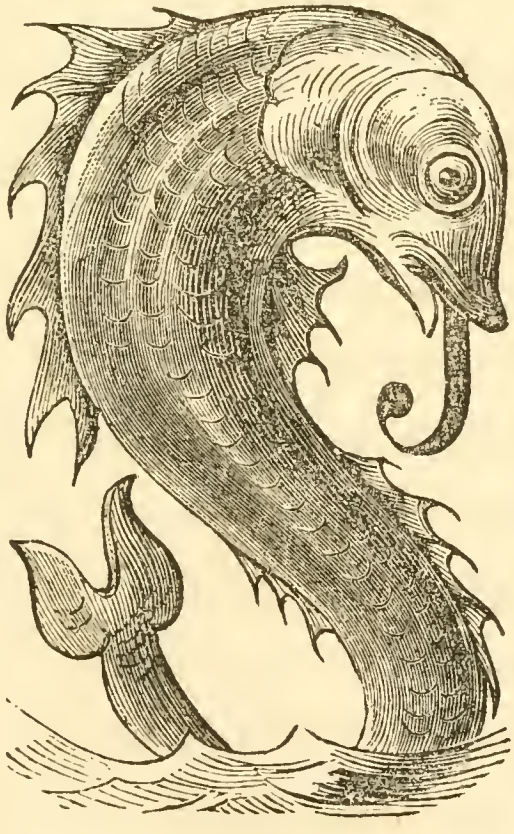
"NOW, NUTSHELL!" said UPSHOT; "do just as you please!
But *I* shall not settle in such parts as these.
Admitting the fact that the grub-oaks are green,
There are grave disadvantages, plain to be seen.
Though laws have been pass'd, by the powers in charge,
Prohibiting cattle from running at large,
And even the boys, on the Fourth of July,
From touching off fire-crackers — law is too shy
To speak to the women who dress in men's clothing!
I turn from the sight with abhorrence and loathing —

To think that a female — I cannot say *lady*,
Whose province is modest, and quiet, and shady —
Should step from her place,
With a bold, brazen face,
And bring on herself and her sex a disgrace,
By wearing, in public — on rostrums, perchance —
A tight pair of broadcloth or calico "pants."
There 's one other matter, and then I am done.
The fruit business here is not rightly begun:
The farmers are raising — each visitor sees —
Too large a proportion of *dried-apple* trees.
They talk of their raspberries, peaches and pears,
But, most unaccountably, ev'ry tree bears
Dried apples — at least, it don't *seem* like a fable,
While viewing our landlord's refectory table.
Concerning the "mediums" — strange as it seems,
A title for persons who go to extremes —
And concerning musquitos, I've nothing to say.
I bid a long farewell to JERSEY to-day!"

"Just so!" replied NUTSHELL — "'tis all very true;
But I'm going to stay. So, my good friend, ADIEU!"

CHAPTER VII.

CUTE IS SWALLOWED—A YANKEE IN JONAH'S CONDITION—SINGULAR ADVENTURES AS SUTLER—HE GRADUATES AS CONTRACTOR—OIL AND MATRIMONY — DELILAH MARRIES A COUNT—HER FINE WEDDING, ETC.



JONAH swallow'd a whale!
What a curious whim!
No! no! I'm mistaken!
The whale swallow'd *him.*
Never mind — so an army
Oft finds men afloat,
Cast from, or deserting
Their family boat;
And, if *dress'd* and in *quarters*—all right on the *roll*,
And *muster'd* in once, withal — swallows them whole;
Taking sometimes "old salts" in the sandwich, with gravy,
When one makes, like Jonah, a choice of the navy.
'Tis often a mercy that men are thus swallow'd,
And saved from a pool in which they had long wallow'd.

As facts prove, in my knowledge — doubtless in yours —
Though war often kills men, yet sometimes it cures.
Not rarely, it rescues a useless recruit;
But, alas! it had no such effect upon CUTE.
If JONAH, like him, had receiv'd a large bounty,
In greenbacks or gold, from his State and his County,
'Tis not at all likely, that, ere the earth went
Three times on her circuit, he would have been sent
So rudely ashore, for not paying his rent.
Yet, had he been favor'd with CUTE'S disposition,
He would have deserted — thrown up his commission,
Instead of allowing the whale to throw him up.
Impossible, say you? Could not he have clim' up?
Or tunnel'd right through, *a la* Andersonville?
There's always a way, you know, where there's a will.

A Green Mountain Yankee, in JONAH'S condition,
Would certainly — though it's a strange supposition,
For Yankees are seldom "suck'd in" in that shape —
Have managed, in some way, to make his escape.
Though "down in the mouth," by the aid of his jackknife
He would have cut through; or, if chancing to *lack* knife,
Instead of submissively bowing beneath
The stroke, would have *gnaw'd* a way out with his teeth.

Then, saving the pieces which some had rejected
Through wastefulness, with which he was not infected—
The whale having not his attention directed
To what was transpiring, nor having suspected
The process to which he was being subjected—
Not being, at least, very sorely affected;
Nor having, with all his precaution, detected
The fact that his captive had been self-ejected,
Or rather, by sharp practice, self-resurrected,
Although the escape was now fairly effected;—
The Yankee would soon the whale's back have inspected,
And, on its necessity having reflected,
Have then, on some *headland*, a town site selected;
And, often discourag'd, but seldom dejected—
By obstacles, from his course, *never* deflected—
Would soon have a village, by streets intersected;
And have, when his plans had been fully perfected,
Himself its chief officer duly elected,
In order to see that all rights were respected,—
Especially those of the darkest complected—
And property interests wisely protected,
And even the citizens' morals corrected,
Through churches and schools, which are often neglected
By founders, who seem on such points disaffected:

Would soon have a railroad to FISHTAIL projected —
Not far its depot, a shanty erected;
And in it a good stock of "notions" collected,
To forestall the trade of the settlers expected;
With also a butcher's shop, closely connected,
For *selling the steaks* from his whaleship dissected!

Though CUTE had the call of his country resisted,
Through many disastrous campaigns, he enlisted
At once, when his last foolish trick came to light,
With the fearful results of that terrible night.
When some one inquir'd of him whither he went,
And why he had given such willing consent —
Much humbled, yet none the less levity showing,
He said he had five hundred reasons for going,
Although it was still
Much against his own will;
And he pull'd from his pocket a "one dollar bill,"
With a back which was like those of turtles I've seen —
Geometric'ly figur'd, and gorgeously green:
"Here's one of the reasons which suddenly sunder'd
My apron-string ties," remark'd CUTE: "the four hundred
And ninety-nine others,
Are like as twin brothers:

If they are not shown you, it need not be wonder'd —
They're 'salted down' safely, or else I have blunder'd."
On ent'ring the ranks,
Under —— O, no! not BANKS!
CUTE notic'd a mule-team, so full of its pranks,
That no one could harness it, hold it, or drive it!
Disliking the dull, stupid life of a private,
He whisper'd a word in the General's ear,
And achiev'd his promotion to Chief Muleteer!
But, to CUTE'S disappointment and mortification,
This spirited team was assign'd a low station.
From morning till evening, in sunshine or rain,
They must travel and tug, like the rest of the train,
With wheels axle-deep in the mortar-like soil;
And all they receiv'd for their menial toil,
Was *board, without lodging!* In fact, they were slaves,
And would have, in bondage, gone down to their graves,
Had not their kind driver that magic word spoken,
By which the dark spell of their thralldom was broken.
Said he, "You are free!" And their ears were so long —
Their liberty-love so deep-seated and strong —
That they caught the idea.
Next morning they started:
Themselves and the scenes of their labors were parted.

Not even their driver could shorten their reins,
Until they had reach'd more inviting domains.
Transfig'ring the team, so that no one would know it,
Upon his "own hook" CUTE concluded to "go it!"
Commission'd as Sutler,
By —— O, no! not BUTLER!
He bought out the stock of a lately-fail'd cutler,
Consisting of razors, and jackknives, and what-not.
He also bought novels and newspapers, but not
A Bible or prayer-book. More salable things
He purchas'd by wholesale — for instance, brass rings,
Cheap watches and chains, from the jewelry-makers,
And cream cakes and dried-apple pies from the bakers.
CUTE believ'd in great profits — great prophets, of old,
Were not so sincerely believ'd in, we're told.
Few then knew the worth of a regiment's trade,
By which, in these wiser days, CUTE quickly made
Three hundred per cent. on the goods he had bought.
But, alas for good luck! the deserter was caught,
And tried as a felon
By —— no, not MCCLELLAN!
The sentence was, "*Hang him* — until he can tell an
Artillery wagon mule's ear from his own!"
Ah! now I remember the Judge. He is known

As making, (although in most cases impartial,)
Quite hasty decisions—his name is COURT MARTIAL.
The serpent which tempted our poor Mother EVE
Was a subtle old fellow; but CUTE, I believe,
Was a *sutler*. Else how could he make his escape?
His neck, after feeling "the knot" on its nape,
Slipp'd out of the rope,
By the aid of——not POPE!
So his talents once more had their natural scope.
For safety, assuming a Chaplain's disguise,
And wearing a countenance solemn and wise,
He was ask'd for a sermon
By——O, no! not SHERMAN!
But, mumbling some terrible, jaw-breaking German—
"Ich kann nicht verstehen—kann nicht English sprechen,"
And *crossing* his breast, while his shorn head was shaken,
He for a Dutch Catholic priest was mistaken.

CUTE now was a graduate, having pass'd through
All grades of the service which *gentlemen* do;
And, of course, a diploma could not be refused.
[A Government contract was then the form used.]
Install'd as contractor, of course he contracted
Wherever he could—save in prices exacted.

He always contracted the soldier's supplies;
Contracted his poncho and blanket, in size;
Contracted the genuine wool in his jacket;
Contracted the pay of the girl hired to tack it
Together, enough not to fall from his body;
But never — no, never — contracted the "shoddy:"
Contracted the cowhides, to brogans converted,
But never contracted the *pasteboard* inserted:
Contracted the beef and the pork he was fed on,
By packing all five quarters, each with a head on:
Contracted the flour in the hard-bread he ate;
Contracted his sugar in sweetness and weight;
Contracted the strength of his coffee and tea —
The first being not what 'twas *crack'd up* to be.

And then, CUTE did something of course for himself —
Contracted the "rheumatiz," (lifting his pelf,) —
Resign'd his commission,
And call'd a physician,
Who, when he had studied his patient's condition,
Advis'd him to view the Oil Regions a spell,
And bathe in Tar River, and he should get well.
Well, he *did get a well*, and a chronic one too,
And was worth half-a-million, the first thing he knew.

But still on the banks of Tar River he tarried;
And, after the usual arrangements, was married
To Miss—— now, how strange I can't think of her name!
Well, I'll tell you by 'nd by — it will be all the same.

* * * * * * * * *

On the banks of Tar River, a long time ago,
An almost-despairing maid captur'd a beau.
She ensnar'd him so neatly,
And charm'd him so sweetly,
That in less than a week, they were married completely.
Although, in her eyes,
Such a wonderful prize,
He was neither good-looking, nor wealthy, nor wise.
His *physiog* was most uncommonly bad,
And a batter'd ten-cent-piece was all that he had;
Even that, with no safe in whose vaults he might lock it,
He lost, at his wedding, through holes in his pocket.
With this severe loss, what a welcome prize then
Was the *portion* she brought him—an old speckled hen,
Who, just at that time, was confin'd to her bed,
On account of a *spinal complaint* in her head.

A tailor and milliner kindly agreed
To trust the young couple for what they might need,

Provided such custom should never exceed
The sum of *five dollars* — to which they assented;
And thus was the worst of their troubles prevented,
Although there were due-bills work'd in with the stitches,
And he had a mortgage-deed tack'd on his —— pants.
They promis'd the parson some three dozen eggs,
As soon as their hen was once more on her legs,
And able, with diligence proper, to lay them;
And, as for their creditors, promis'd to pay them
For all their advances of muslins and jeans,
Five bushels, at least, of their first crop of beans.

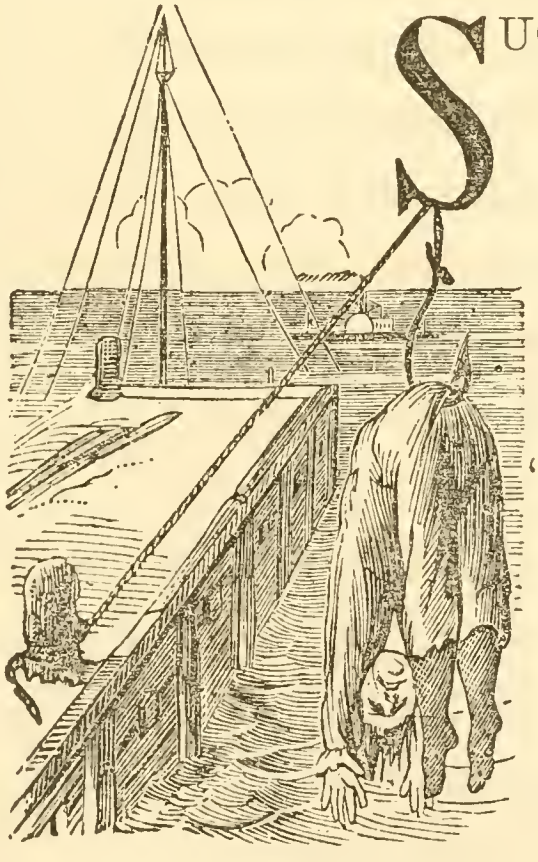
On an acre of rocks, on a bleak mountain side,
Whose owner long since in the poor-house had died,
With slabs from a saw-mill, without leave selected,
This thrifty young couple their shanty erected.
Their winters and summers unceasingly glided,
And still on that same dismal spot they resided;
While to them was added a large, hungry flock,
Whose food must be drawn from that acre of rock.
"This smiting the rock, with a hope to get bread,
Is rather tough business," the poor father said:
"Though MOSES drew water from some such a place,
I must say, I think it's a *very hard case.*"

While at work on the hillside, one bright summer's morn,
Making holes, (with a crowbar,) in which to plant corn,
His implement broke the thin strata — went through,
And (ah! 'twas a borrow'd one) vanish'd from view.
Despair was depicted upon his pale face
For an instant — astonishment then took its place,
As forth from the crevice, rewarding his toil,
There burst a most wonderful fountain of oil!
His anthem of fame was now sung, in *short meter*,
And thousands bow'd down at the shrine of SALTPETER.
"SALTPETER! Not PATRICK SALTPETER, from Cork?
The wealthy old fellow who lives in New York?
Why, I know him well; though I never heard how
He pick'd up his dollars and dimes, until now!"
'Tis the very same chap — he sold half his estate
To CUTE, for a sum so enormously great,
That the very rocks stared at the sight of the cash!
But ah! this affectionate father was rash:
He gave all the gold to his daughter as dower,
And to CUTE she was married, in less than an hour!
There *might have been* girls who were shorter and sweeter
Than this wealthy maid, BRIDGETINA SALTPETER;
There *possibly* might have been virtues she lack'd,
But Algebra does not allude to the fact.

At the top of the ladder, CUTE did not forget —
And let his good deeds to his credit be set —
His father or mother, or sisters or brothers.
Although very close in his dealings with others,
To them he show'd favors without intermission,
And rais'd them at once to an easy position.
Her prospects once known, Belle DELILAH was courted
By a great Russian bear, who most gracefully sported
The title of Count. Overloaded with wealth,
He had come to America, searching for health.
Runoffski — as read by Post Office experts —
Was the right royal cognomen stamp'd on his —— cards.
Though unable to write, it was said he could draw —
('Twas owing to some slight defect in the paw
Of this noble beast — I beg pardon — this Count,)
His promiss'ry note for 'most any amount.
His *suit* matrimonial duly was carried —
(The tailor was *trusty*) — in short, they were married.
My page has grown long, and the ideas press,
But I must say a word for the bride's wedding dress:
Economy showing, as well as good taste,
She let but a very small scrap go to *waist!*

CHAPTER VIII.

A RETROSPECTIVE VIEW—GOING DOWN HILL—CUTE TURNS OVER A NEW LEAF—HIS WIFE'S LUDICROUS ATTEMPT AT SUICIDE—THE RUSSIAN COUNT TURNS OUT A BOOT BLACK—OLD MRS. UPSHOT'S LAST WORDS—JEMIMA'S MARRIAGE, ETC.



SUCCESS having crown'd him,
The subject suspend;
And view, for one moment,
His *tragical end!*
How changeful is Fortune!
Yet, when a man goes
"On his own hook" entirely,
Through life's rugged rows,
'Tis not unexpected —
Nor strange does it look —
If Fate at last catches him
"On his own hook."

Now, none of you misunderstand me, I hope!
He was not strung up by a literal rope,

On a literal hook, in this literal way —
That's not the idea I meant to convey.
Though CUTE was a sharp one, quite worthy his name,
He met with a *sharper*, who won the next game.
It involv'd ev'ry cent in the poor fellow's till,
And from that moment he commenc'd "going down hill,"
Where merciless creditors gave him no quarter,
And he could but *just keep his head above water.*

And then, his tall wife was not one of the sort
Which knows how to comfort a man when he's "short."
She ask'd him one morning for seventy-five dollars,
With which to go shopping — she wanted some collars,
And hairpins, and garters, and — well, she must buy her
A perplexing skeptical — (pshaw! what a lyre!
It ought to be tuned or *pitch'd* into the fire!)
A duplex elliptical — what-do-you-call-it?-
He had but two ten-dollar-bills in his wallet,
And those he fork'd over. [Their forks then were plated.]
She burst into tears — 'twas a scene which he hated;
So, leaving his buckwheat cakes, down town he went,
And her entire morning in weeping was spent.
The tears were unmeasur'd which grief did extort:
However, there must have been *nearly a quart!*

Then, jumping up recklessly, madly, she said:
"I'll do it! I'll do it! I'll shoot myself dead
With that old cannon ball
Which lies there in the hall!"
Her flashing eyes chancing that instant to fall
On a relic from rebeldom, rusty and round,
Which CUTE in his war-going travels had found.
No cannon had she, but such obstacles never
Can hinder an obstinate woman's endeavor.
Some powder was all that she needed to try it —
So off to the drug-store she hurried, to buy it.
"Some tooth-powder, madam?" She turn'd in disgust,
And went to her grocer, a man she could trust.
He answer'd her blandly, and meant no offence,
"Our *best* baking-powder is thirty-five cents."
She countermarch'd, musing — "I should have inquir'd
For gunpowder, that being what I desir'd;
Now here, at this next place, I'll do so," said she.
'Twas a tea-store, and they brought her gunpowder tea.

But presently, she accidentally found
The article wanted, and purchas'd a pound.
A *pint* she had ask'd for — they sold not by measure;
So, yielding the point, she came home with her treasure.

Preparing herself for her terrible fate,
She pour'd out the powder at once on a plate,
Which she placed on the floor; and, beginning to weep,
Got the ball, and laid that on the top of the heap.
Then, sitting down cautiously on the strange seat,
She tried to remember some prayer to repeat;
And, would you believe it, had courage to scratch,
And then to apply, the catastrophal match!

* * * * * * * * *

The smoke rises slowly, and I must not flinch
From describing the awful results. Not an inch
Had the cannon ball budg'd from its place on the plate,
And the lady was still in a sensible state;
But more *scantily rob'd*, and a *darker brunette*,
Than any *Black Crook* you have ever seen *yet!*

CUTE sought the Green Mountains. His recent reverses,
Instead of (as some would have thought) being curses,
Turn'd out to be blessings, at last, in disguise.
Adversity open'd his long-blinded eyes:
He saw the Kind Hand, which, from earliest youth,
Had linger'd to lead him in pathways of truth —
And follow'd its guidance. His remnant of gold
Was spent in constructing, for parents now old,

A cottage, upon the identical site
Laid waste by his hand on that terrible night;
And there, raising crops on the rough mountain side,
The old man spent three or four summers — and died.
The last observation his trembling lips made,
Was, (speaking to SOLOMON,) "Stick to your trade!"

Mrs. UPSHOT, the elder, whom, as you suspect,
These pages have treated too much with neglect,
Surviv'd her companion but one lonely year.
Her lesson of life I shall just mention here:
Said she, to CUTE'S wife, on her last earthly morning,
"NOW, TEENY! I beg you from me to take warning.
The greatest mistake
Which a woman can make —
Forgive me, O GOD! ere my heart-strings shall break —
Is *neglecting the children God gives her to train!*
O, watch them well, TEENY! 'Twill *not* be in vain!
Give them something to do; find them useful employment;
Take pains to *search out* for them wholesome enjoyment.
Had not EVE forsaken her work, and been bold —
GOD gave her a garden to tend, we are told —
She would not have fallen." The old lady wept.
Then the Pale Angel kiss'd her, and sweetly she slept.

DELILAH'S grand husband, it shortly transpir'd —
Some *friends* having into the matter inquir'd —
Was a journeyman bootblack, accustom'd to "shine"
In the most *polish'd* ranks, on the banks of the Rhine;
On a *footing, to boot*, (if you credit report,)
With the royal grandees, and the nobles at court.
But, having a *brush* with the keen-eyed police,
Who smelt an attempt his employers to fleece
Of their best box of blacking — with part of his duds,
A shoe-brush and only shirt, fresh from the suds,
He sail'd for New York — quite forgetting the rest,
Three wives, and a half-dozen babes at the breast.

JEMIMA had married a fellow who *drank* —
Spring water, which flow'd from the cool, mossy bank;
And who *used tobacco*, a plug at a time,
To poison the worms, which were charg'd with the crime
Of destroying his orchard. As sweet as we found her,
JEMIMA is still, with her children around her —
Whom, though she has money to hire her a pair of
Good nurse-girls, she loves to stay home and take care of.

Kind reader! if I have said aught that is true,
Receive it, forgetting my nonsense. ADIEU!

W 13

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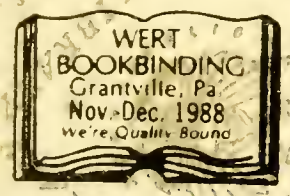
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